

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. I.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1813.

[NO. 50.]

Epistolary Correspondence.

(Continued from our last.)

MRS. COLVILLE TO LORD COLVILLE.
At Fladong's Hotel, Oxford Street.

I HAVE not allowed a single post to intervene, my beloved Edward, without acknowledging the receipt of your interesting letter; interesting, indeed, when the happiness of my dear son appears, in great measure to depend upon the intelligence it is to impart.

It seems, my Edward, as if an intuitive impulse separately influenced our feelings and sensations; and that, though divided by an immense distance, our souls imbibed each other's thoughts. I had also heard, that the valuable heart of Lady Charlotte Clements had been bestowed upon some happy individual; yet as her correspondence was confined to the countess, Mrs. Douglass, and your sister, I began to entertain doubts of the truth of that report. I had still stronger reasons for encouraging that opinion, as, from the moment you quitted the castle, her ladyship's spirits evidently became depressed; she sought solitude—avoided even my company, and, for hours together, amused herself with painting in her own apartment. This mode of conduct, in a young woman so completely polished as Lady Charlotte, struck me as very extraordinary; and I resolved, if possible, to discover what subject so entirely occupied her pencil. I had long watched for an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity, and a few days back it occurred; for your favourite Pompey was suddenly seized with the cramp in his stomach, and we all thought the poor animal would immediately breathe his last. The attack was so sudden, that all the servants flew to his assistance, and Susan rushed into Lady Charlotte's room, exclaiming, "Oh, my lady, poor Pompey is dying; do come and take a peep at him before he goes!" The surprise was so sudden, that the dear girl left her employment without the usual precaution of locking the *port-feuille*; and, perceiving the poor thing writhing with torture, recommended to put him into a warm bath. The remedy proved propitious, and Pompey was restored to ease in a few minutes; but as her ladyship had been the physician, she undertook to superintend your little favourite. Accident carried me up stairs during this period; and perceiving the dear girl's chamber door open, I unhesitatingly entered, approached the drawings, and beheld a most striking resemblance of my Edward. With precaution I quitted the apartment, and hastily rejoined the group, in so short a period, that my absence had not been remarked.

Confirmed in the opinion, that no prior attachment existed in this amiable young woman's bosom, I resolved to mention my wish of seeing you married, in the most unequivocal terms; and that very evening a favourable opportunity occurring, I introduced the subject

which is nearest my heart. Her intelligent countenance was instantly suffused with a glow of crimson, and was as suddenly overspread with a pallid hue. "I understood," said she, with evident embarrassment, "Lord Colville's hand had been engaged to Miss Pemberton."

"From whom, my dear Lady Charlotte," I inquired, "could you have received that piece of intelligence? for I am persuaded Edward had never any serious thoughts of the lady in question; and until very lately, I am convinced, the whole sex were equally indifferent."

I laid a particular emphasis on the term, very lately; on which she hastily turned her expressive eyes towards me with an inquiring glance; then directing them towards the floor, she said in a low accent. "Whoever is happy enough to inspire Lord Colville with affection, must be a fortunate woman."

"Do you really think so, my dearest girl!" I impatiently demanded, tenderly taking her hand. She paused some moment, as if fancying she had been too explicit, and then replied, "Why should you doubt my veracity, my dear madam?"

"You read the scriptures, I am persuaded," I rejoined, "and doubtless remember what the prophet Nathan said to David." She put her hands before her face, burst into a flood of tears, and implored me not to despise her weakness.

"Despise you weakness, dearest Lady Charlotte! I admire, I glory in the ingenuousness of your heart; and now allow me to say, that my son's future happiness is wholly placed in your hands."

I found some difficulty in persuading the dear girl she had not deviated from that delicacy which is at once the pride and ornament of our sex; and had not your letter seasonably arrived, which I unhesitatingly put into her hands for her persual, I know not how far she might have been carried by the purity of her sentiments. The conversation, however, which passed between us, you are not to appear to have the slightest knowledge of; but come to us, my beloved Edward, without delay; yet, previous to your quitting the metropolis, wait upon the countess, who, I am persuaded, will receive your proposals with satisfaction and joy.

Oh, my son, how peculiarly have we been favoured by Providence! Never, I conjure you, forget the great source from whom you derive such an unexpected succession of human bliss; and, above all things, never allow that cup which overflows with earthly blessings, to have the bitter gall of ingratitude mixed with it. Pride and presumption are, I know, strangers to your bosom; yet, as a succession of fortunate occurrences have produced a change, in the most amiable dispositions, I cannot avoid endeavouring to guard you against those failings to which human creatures are naturally prone.

Monday night.

I had proceeded thus far, when I was interrupted by the sight of an equipage driving up the avenue; the sable appearance of the do-

mestics instantly struck me that it was the Pembertons. A thousand maternal fears instantly crowded upon my imagination, lest my beloved Louisa's indisposition should be the source of this unexpected visit; the colour forsook my face, my knees smote each other, and I found myself unable to quit the chair; but my anxiety was quickly removed, (though the nervous sensation was not so easily conquered) by seeing the dear girl spring out of the carriage. She was followed by Mrs. Pemberton and Ellen; our interview, as you may imagine, was truly affecting. The moment I could quit the room, I hastened to my closet, and poured out the effusions of my heart to the Divine Author of all my blessings: for oh, my Edward, of what value to me would be fortune, without the society of my beloved children.

Mrs. Pemberton's sister has had a recent stroke of the palsy, and she is going to spend a few weeks with her, in consequence of which during that period, poor Ellen is to remain at the castle. Poor Ellen! I may with truth term her; for never did I behold such an alteration as has taken place in the appearance of that too susceptible girl. Amiable as I have always considered sensibility in young people, yet it actually loses all its attractive qualities when carried to excess: and Ellen Pemberton, by the indulgence of it, afflicts the hearts of her fond parents, and is actually destroying her own health. The loss of a beloved friend is doubtless a severe trial, but is such a one as, according to the common course of nature, we are all destined to encounter: "The Lord gave, and he has a right to deprive us of them," and it is our duty to submit to his ordinations. Yet, not to grieve, would be not to know the value of such an inestimable treasure; it is only the immoderate indulgence of sorrow that can be displeasing to God; this world we know to be a state of probation, and if we neither exert our fortitude, or virtue, how can we expect to receive their reward.

But, my dear son, I am wandering into a moralizing labyrinth, and extending my epistle to an enormous length; I will therefore change the subject and inform you, that if your sister had not accidentally returned, I should certainly have complied with your request. Your friend Barker was amusing himself in the park, assisting the men in the new plantation, when Mrs. Pemberton arrived; and being unacquainted with the family arms, though he perceived a carriage in the court-yard, he merely inquired whether the possessor of it was a friend of Lady Charlotte's or mine. William having answered the question, he directed his steps towards the library, and never did I behold astonishment and joy more strikingly depicted, than when, upon entering the apartment, he perceived your sister seated by my side.

"Do my eyes deceive me!" he exclaimed, as he approached her; "or have I really the happiness of seeing Miss Colville? Suffer me to usurp the privilege of friendship," continued he, pressing the dear girl's extended hand to his lips.

I attentively watched the countenance of my Louisa, and am persuaded Barker is not altogether indifferent to her; her face was dyed with vermilion, yet I did not perceive the slightest symptom of displeasure; and the day passed on with greater cheerfulness than I had expected. Mrs P———evidently made great exertion not to cast a gloom over the young peoples' pleasure; but Ellen spent the greater part of it in her own apartment, and it was with difficulty your sister prevailed with her to join us at the dinner hour.

Upon entering the breakfast-parlour the next morning, I perceived a large packet with a coronet lying upon the table, which Barker at the moment had put out of his hand. "I implore you, my dear madam," said he, with the greatest earnestness, "to peruse that letter, or rather letters, immediately; I know the arms, and my fate, I fear hangs upon it, for I have been expecting its arrival several days." It was, as I likewise expected, a full declaration from Lord D——ford; I read it with great composure, and then put it into your friend's hand.

"That I love your daughter, madam," said he, endeavoring to compose his feelings, "I flatter myself you are persuaded; but, alas! I can only offer her competence and independence; but I fear it will be long before I can offer her the distinction of rank. Lord D——ford's proposals are such as I am certain must meet your approbation, and particularly, as his character is unblemished; I have therefore only to regret having cherished an affection, which it is my duty, as a man of honour, never to divulge to the being who inspired it."

As he came to the close of this speech his voice faltered, and, to prevent the interruption of servants, I beckoned him to follow me into the garden, where I assured him, that so far was it from my wish to bias my daughter in favour of Lord D——ford, that I was concerned at receiving such generous proposals; and that, at any rate, as Louisa was to be the sole arbitress of her own destiny, he was at full liberty to offer her his hand. Never was joy more strikingly depicted than on the countenance of that excellent young man; he pressed my hand to his bosom, called me his guardian angel, and, in fact, played a thousand lover-like pranks. After breakfast I gave Louisa Lord D——ford's letter, without fully apprizing her of its contents, merely saying, as I presented it, that I intreated her neither to be guided by the allurements of fortune, or rank; then adding, I had letters of consequence to write immediately, and requesting I might not be interrupted by any of the servants.

It is about two hours since I gave the dear girl a letter, and a few minutes back I saw her enter the alcove; Barker had evidently been watching for an opportunity of finding her alone, for he has followed, and I now behold them seated in the alcove. This is a trying moment for my beloved, and scarcely less so for her fond parent. May the Almighty direct her conduct so as to insure her future happiness. If I do not see you, my beloved son, in the course of a few days, you may expect a full description of what your sister's decision produces; but with such a magnet as Lady Charlotte Clements at the castle, I think I shall not have occasion to apply to my pen.

Adieu, my Edward, may every blessing attend you, is the ardent prayer of

Your fondly attached mother,

L. COLVILLE.

(To be continued.)

THREE YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

A TALE FROM THE FRENCH OF M. IMBERT.

THE French had always an excellent knack at *Story-Telling*, and, notwithstanding the revolution of empires, it is well known they have not yet lost this talent. They contrive to make a great deal of very little, and substitute for wit a certain *naïveté*, which passes current—but the moral!—ah! that is their last consideration; but in this particular an English translator seldom permits his author to suffer. This may serve as an apology for the liberty taken in altering some parts of the following little story.

"Monsieur and Madame D'Erimont were united by the wishes of their friends; inclination had no share in the match, as they had but casually seen each other in public, and it was fortunate on both sides that neither had any previous attachment to another. Madame D'Erimont possessed an ample fortune, this was all D'Erimont knew about her; in fact, he cared for little else, and whether she was well-informed or ignorant, amiable or dissolute, was what he had not even found leisure to inquire into. Yet D'Erimont was not a depraved character; brilliant talents, joined to fascinating manners, made him an object of general admiration, his society was courted by both sexes, and the dull tedium of domestic life was not by any means suited to his lively taste. His wife was handsome, so much the better, he was not ashamed to acknowledge her in public; but as for a tête à tête, oh! that was insupportable!

"Madame D'Erimont, as amiable as handsome, perceived her husband's indifference with pain at first, but when it became habitual, her chagrin wore away, and she again enjoyed the gayeties she had been accustomed to.—Too proud to complain, she suffered every one to praise D'Erimont as the most complaisant and generous husband in the world; she saw, with delight, that he was the object of universal admiration, and self-love was gratified by the consolatory idea that he was her husband; the uncontroled liberty she enjoyed was highly agreeable to her, and she persuaded herself that their estranged way of living was mere matter of course, and in conformity with fashionable manners. Thus passed their time till Madame D'Erimont was delivered of a daughter. D'Erimont was informed of the acquisition, but he had wished for a son, and his joyous expectations were damped; however, he put the best face on the matter, paid his lady a morning visit, expressed his hopes of her speedy recovery; called the child "sweet baby," and hastened to a dinner party, where, in two hours time he forgot that he was a father, or even that he was married.

"Madame D'Erimont's whole soul was wrapped up in her child; she no longer took pleasure in dissipated amusements, but found the purest delight in maternal love. She confined herself wholly with her infant, and occasionally a complaining sigh burst from her bosom, that her husband was not present to share her pleasures. Her tender cares were rewarded by the gradual improvement of her lovely daughter, and two years of serene joy passed away almost unobserved.

"One evening, when D'Erimont had had a run of ill-luck at a gaming-house, he returned home rather earlier than his usual hour; for some time he paced his apartment in extreme

bad temper—at length he threw himself into a chair, and mechanically fixing his eyes on the opposite wall, he beheld the portrait of Madame D'Erimont—a sudden thought struck him, he rung for his servant, and ordered him to inquire if his lady pleased to admit him.—The servant, astonished at an order so unexpected, stared with an expression of comical surprise, and stood like one petrified, till D'Erimont, in an authoritative tone, repeated his command; and the servant knew his temper too well to hesitate a moment longer."

[To be continued.]

From the Freemason's Magazine.

THE FUNERAL.—A FRAGMENT.

IT was an evening in the month of April; a still rain descended from the sky, and a brisk wind blew over the fields. The church of Arrow, near Alcester in Warwickshire, appeared at a distance; its spire glittering with the reflection of the sunbeams half hid behind the clouds. "How beautiful," said I, "is this picture! and how sweetly does nature sometimes invite to contemplation!"

All was calm and tranquil; my bosom felt the principle of good, asserting the Deity and bestowing peace.

I was rapt in reflection, till I was disturbed by the distant sounds of a sweet and plaintive song. I turned about, and beheld from the adjoining close, a party of men bearing a corpse, and singing a grateful hymn to the memory of their departed friend. The mourners followed—a scattered few—their garments blown out by the wind, and in disorder. I observed no pageants nor achievements.

They approached nearer. The chief mourner was a young man: unaffected sorrow shed fast the tributary tear for a Brother's loss; but mild resignation and religion permitted no extravagance of grief.

The next who followed was a beautiful young woman, measuring her footsteps with a dejection that made her still more lovely; an Angel's mind seemed to give expression to an Angel's face: she mourned incessantly; but her tears fell gently as the summer's shower on a bed of roses.

An old couple followed: the hearty emblems of a well spent life; furrowed with age, but not disease.

"Who are these people?" thought I, following them to the churchyard. We were met by the curate, a tall thin man, in whose countenance gentleness and dignity were blended. All was silent, while he pronounced the last address to departed worth.

The earth was thrown over; while some of the party, according to ancient custom, strewed the grave with flowers.

Would that some atheist had been present at this moment! What would he have thought of religion, had he seen with how much sweetness she resigns her children, in full confidence and hope of the love and mercy of Heaven?

I inquired who it was that deserved these funeral honours. It was the humble Acasto.

"Farewell then!" said I; "for thou art blessed in the mediation of a Saviour, who will have little else to do than to present the scroll of thy gentle virtues to the God of mercy, and place thee among the happiest of the happy in a world of bliss."

Variety.

VOLTAIRE.

A GENTLEMAN, who was not personally known to Voltaire, was received by him at Ferney with that easy politeness which always distinguishes his reception of travellers. The next morning the stranger, highly delighted with his entertainment, and also with the beautiful situation of Ferney castle, boldly declared that it was his intention to reside for six weeks in that enchanting retreat. Voltaire said to him with a smile: "Upon my honour, sir, you are the exact reverse of Don Quixote; that Spanish knight took the inns to be castles, and you certainly take *this castle* for an inn." The traveller felt the reproof, and departed.

GASCONADE.

A PARISIAN drew in the street upon a Gascon by whom he had been insulted. The Gascon calling a chimney-sweeper, and giving him a sous, said,—“Here, take this, and go to the sexton: tell him to ring a knell, and come for that dead body,” pointing to the Parisian. “Lord, sir,” replied the messenger, “it seems to me the gentleman is in good health.”—“Very true,” answered the Gascon;—“but did not you hear him challenge me?”

THE RUSSIAN NOBILITY.

THE Russian nobility always add to their own christian name, the christian name of their father, with the termination of *ovitch* or *evitch*, which denotes the son, as *ovna* or *evna* implies the daughter. By this means, foreigners, on coming into this country, drop the name they have hitherto borne, and are known by another. Thus, a Mr. Jennings, if his father's name was John, on his arrival here, is Ivan Ivanovitch, and his sister Anne, will be Anna Ivanovna.

IRISH JIGS.

The influence which an Irish jig holds over an Irish heart is strongly illustrated in the following singular anecdote, borrowed from the Appendix of Mr. Walker's interesting Memoirs of the Irish Bards.

“The farce of the Half-Pay Officer having been brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, the part of an old grand-mother was assigned to Mrs Fryer, an Irish woman, who had quitted the stage in the reign of Charles the second, and not appeared on it for fifty years; during the representation she exerted her utmost abilities; when, however, she was called on to dance a jig at the age of eighty-five, she loitered and seemed overcome; but as soon as the music struck up the *Irish Trot*, she footed it as nimbly as any girl of five and twenty.”

WIT without knowledge is a sort of cream which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skillful hand may be soon whipped into froth; but, once scummed away, what appears underneath, will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the hogs.

BEAU NASH.

WHEN the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Dr. Cheyne wrote a prescription for him.—The next day the Doctor coming to see his patient, enquired if he had followed his prescription. “No, truly, Doctor, (said Nash) if I had, I should have broke my neck, for I threw it out of a two-pair-of-stairs window.”

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

The following late foreign news is from the Boston Palladium:

By the Marcellus we received Lisbon papers to March 15, containing London dates to the 4th, and Paris dates to Feb. 26.

The papers contain a long Swedish State Paper on its relation with France, considered as a sort of Declaration of War.

Both Houses of the British Parliament have approved unanimously of the War against America, and voted to support the government in continuing it with energy.

A vote to appoint a committee to ascertain the extent of the wishes of the Catholics, on motion of Mr. Gratton, was carried by a majority of 40, in the British House of Commons.

Dantzic was closely besieged by the Russians. Denmark was expected to join the cause of Alexander.

It was reported a treaty was concluded between Denmark and England.

The French conscriptions in the North of Germany met with much resistance.

The Russian Emperor's H. Q. were at Warsaw, the last of Jan.

Much consternation exists at Berlin. The inhabitants utter acclamations in favour of the Russians in the streets, coffee houses, &c.

The reports from Sweden are that the Austrian army has retired under a convention between Kutusoff and Swartzenberg. That Ministers had been sent from Vienna to Wilna and London—that the Duke Constantine is raised to the throne of Poland—that Denmark resists the requisitions of Bonaparte—that Dantzic was taken Jan. 27.

Lord Walpole was still at Vienna.

The privateer schooner General Armstrong, Capt. Champlin, of this port, mounting 19 guns and 150 men, has arrived at Charleston from a cruise, after maintaining a close and gallant action of 45 minutes with an English frigate. The frigate, at first, was mistaken for a letter of marque, and there remained no alternative but to fight or strike. The privateer had 7 killed and 6 wounded, and got off by means of her sweeps, there being but little wind. On her way to Charleston she fell in with the British ship William from St. Johns, of 446 tons, with a cargo of fish valued at 25,000 dollars, and captured her.

On the 3d instant, the American privateer Dolphin, with the letters of marque schooners Racer, Lynx, and Arab, bound to France, were attacked by 17 launches from the blockading squadron in the Chesapeake, while lying 12 miles up the Rappahannock river, and all taken, after an obstinate resistance, in which many brave men fell on board the schooners; with a very heavy loss to the enemy.

It is said the Russian Secretary of Legation, that had been on board Admiral's Warren's ship, informed a gentleman, who was on board the flag with him, that the Admiral refused to do any thing, as he would not give up the Right of Search which our government insisted on. This can be relied on as the result of the mission.

Accounts from Maryland say, the British were within 20 miles of Annapolis, where the inhabitants were greatly alarmed, and many of them preparing to seek safety elsewhere. The inhabitants of Baltimore also begin to be alarmed.

The British squadron left Lewistown, on the 8th inst. after an unsuccessful attack of an incessant bombardment for 22 hours, their shells and rockets falling short of their object, and doing no material injury to the inhabitants.

The valuable ship Montesquien, lately captured in the Bay of Delaware, has been ransomed, and has arrived at Philadelphia.

Accounts from Charleston of March 31, says, “The Revenue Cutter of this port has blown up by accident, and four of the crew perished, and a number miserably wounded.”

It is said Messrs. Gallatin and Bayard, in conjunction with the present American Minister at the Court of Russia, Mr. Adams, are authorized to negotiate a treaty of peace, with Ministers appointed, or to be appointed by the Court of Great Britain. The negotiation to be carried on at St. Petersburg. Mr. George M. Dallas accompanies Mr. Gallatin, as his private Secretary. Mr. George Milligan accompanies Mr. Bayard in the same character. All those gentlemen have been nominated by the President of the U. States, and are to be approved by the Senate. It is expected that the embassy will sail in the ship Neptune from Philadelphia in 14 days, direct for Petersburg.

A letter from Lisbon, March 14, says, “We have a packet from Falmouth, bringing letters and papers to the 26th ult. By letters I find it was feared the government would prohibit the landing and entry into England in neutral or British ships, of cotton the produce of the United States. The large quantities arriving from the Brazils and the English colonies on the main, led to the opinion that they would endeavour to manage their manufactures without taking any supply from us.”

TO THE PATRONS OF THE MUSEUM.

As the 1st. vol. of the New Series of the New-York Weekly Museum will be completed the 1st day of May next, the Editor respectfully informs his subscribers in this city and other places, of the same, in order that they may signify, in season, their intention of continuing their patronage—a patronage, he is happy to say, which evinces the approbation of the public; and which, he trusts, he will ever continue to merit, by an assiduous attention to business, with the most lively sentiments of gratitude for all favours.

We shall commence the next volume with a very interesting and pleasing work, which will be continued.

To those who may wish to see our terms of subscription, we shall merely state that the Museum is published every Saturday at Two Dollars per annum, by James Oram, at (after the 1st of May) No. 70 John, corner of Gold-street. City subscribers, to pay one half, and country subscribers the whole in advance; and it is a positive condition, that all letters and communications come free of postage.

Those of our subscribers in town, who are about moving the 1st of May, will please to leave their address at the office previous to that time, in order to insure the careful delivery of their papers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cynic No 1, is received, and will appear next week.

Funeral.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. Doct. Miller, William Payne, esq. of Boston, to Miss Catharine Hallett, daughter of the late Joseph Hallett, esq. of this city.

By the Rev. Doct. McNeice, Mr. William Bowne, of Monmouth, (N. J.) to Miss Eleanor Clark, daughter of Mr. Alexander Clark, of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Milledollar, Mr. John O'Hara, to Mrs. Susan Gardner, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Gerardus Post, to Miss Susan Abbott, all of this city.

By the Rev. Doct. Romaine, Wm. C. Mulligan, esq. to Miss Charlotte Strong, daughter of Selah Strong, esq.

By the Rev. Mr. Bowne, Nathan Sanford, esq. to Miss Mary E. M. Isaacs.

By the Rev. Mr. Perine, Lieut. John Voorhis, to the amiable Miss Eliza Tout, both of this city.

At Trenton, by the Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. John C. Moore, Bookseller, to Miss Priscilla Ely, daughter of Mr. George Ely, both of that place.

Obituary.

DIED.

After a short illness, at his residence in Newtown, L. I. Mr. Howard Furman, at the advanced age of 93 years and 8 months, a respectable inhabitant of that place.

After a very short illness, Mrs. Sarah Coddington, aged 20 years, wife of Mr. Jonathan I. Coddington.

After a lingering illness, Mr. Samuel Haynes, merchant of this city.

Seat of the Muses.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

AN ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

A SONNET.

HAIL! gentle sleep, ah whither art thou fled,
Why still deluding, still evading fly;
Guilt's troubled phantoms come not near my bed,
Nor stings of conscience open keep mine eye.

Say, dost thou bless some wretched mourning soul,
Whose couch is spread with aches and racking pain;
Who oft has drain'd Affliction's bitter bowl?
Oh stay and calm his hopeless feverish brain.

Or dost thou bless some lowly humble cot,
Where honest Labor dwells with rosy Health;
Ambition's anxious dreams awake him not,
Content and peaceful sleep his only wealth.
Rejoic'd (at length) my Muse thy influence feels,
Which all my power insinuating feels.

M. A. W.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

To Mr. J. T. T. on the death of his daughter,
at Newark, Feb. 10, 1813.

[This should have appeared before; but was mislaid.]

OFT when bright Sol in fullest splendor-crown'd,
Rises majestic from his wat'ry bed,
Darts his invigorating rays around,
Enlivens man, and cheers the flow'ry mead.

Oft when the morning fondly smiles, and we
Look for a day unclouded and serene;
Yet long ere noon the cheering prospects flee,
And darksome clouds and tempests intervene.

But soon a cloud of disappointment spread
O'er all thy hopes a gloomy veil,
In early youth thy blooming offspring dead,
And you in age her early fate bewail.

Tho' the affliction's keen, the wound severe,
Yet know the afflictive hand is his whose love
Surpasses every fond affection here,
The admiration of the saints above.

Learn that man's hopes of happiness below,
Are vain and fleeting as the morning dew
Tho' fair his dawn, his evening oft is woe,
His days are fleeting and his joys are few.

May the survivors, pledges of true love,
Be long a comfort and in peace survive;
Fair counterparts of their lov'd sister prove,
And in a Father's fond affection live.

May resignation such as she exprest,
E'en in those moments of exquisite pain
Calm the keen anguish of your troubled breast,
Nor let your deep afflicted soul complain.

'Tis the just parent who corrects his son,
The God of love eternally the same;
Then say—thy righteous will be done,
Forever blessed be thy holy name.

LANGDON.

THE SYLPH.

WHY gentle Sylph in airy glades,
And lonely dells you play;
Or why beneath yon beachen shades,
Or by yon streamlet stray?

Narcissa fair, so full of guile,
Has stole my heart away;
And sits insulting all the while,
O'er her unhappy prey.

Then gentle Sylph, swift as a dart,
To fair Narcissa flee;
Take from the thief the stolen heart,
Or bring her heart to me.

Morality.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PRAYER

Under the present calamity of
WAR.

THAT it is the duty of every nation, in times of public calamity, by prayer, to seek that deliverance which can alone be obtained by the arm of the Almighty, is a sentiment as universally embraced, as it is apparent in the page of sacred history. When the Israelites groaned under the bondage inflicted upon them by Pharaoh, king of Egypt, their cries reached the throne of Jehovah, and Moses became their successful deliverer. Sennacherib, king of Assyria, having with a numerous army invaded Israel, Hezekiah and his people humbled themselves, and prayed unto the Lord. Their prayer was heard; the angel of the Lord was commissioned to relieve; and, in one night, he slew an hundred fourscore and five thousand of their enemies. In the reign of David, a pestilence raged which swept its thousands to their graves; but David prayed unto the Lord; he was intreated for the land, and the plague was stayed. In all these instances, whether under bondage, war or plague, it is certain they were deeply sensible of their transgressions against God; they were truly humbled; and by prayer, they sought for that relief which could alone proceed from the hand of God, and deliverance flew swift as the morning light!

The recital of these ancient historic facts, should make a serious impression on the mind of every American, and assist them to reflect on the past, as well as the present dispensations of Divine Providence to our country.—After a long contest with our mother country, it pleased God to establish our independence; extend our commerce; increase our agriculture; smile upon the institutions of learning, and especially, caused the light of the gospel to shine in almost every dark corner of our continent. These invaluable favours, in quick succession, in so short a space of time, should have produced the highest possible expressions of obedience and gratitude.

However, it is deeply to be lamented, that some few years after such national blessings, infidelity, dissipation, and a variety of errors took a wide spread in our country; by which the morals of the people, and especially those of our youth, were extremely viciated. God visited us with pestilence. Philadelphia yet remembers her citizens who were then conveyed to the shades of death, and the sable train of sorrows which followed. In 1798, New-York felt the awful visitation of the same calamity which was accompanied with such appendages of wretchedness as will not be effaced from the page of her history. Under each of those visitations the land mourned; the pious denominations, without distinction, convened for humiliation and prayer before the throne of God. The calamity subsided, and for several years the most desirable blessing of health has been enjoyed.

Now we are again involved in the horrors of war. The sword is drawn. Stagnation of commerce is deplored. Some success has been obtained on the ocean, but many valiant men have fallen on our frontiers, and the

widow and fatherless are bathed in tears, nor know we were the scene will end! As war is a calamity deeply to be deplored and peace a blessing ardently to be desired; this address is designed to claim the attention of the public, and especially the religious part of the community, to a serious reflection on our present national affliction. We have already, by judicial recommendations, held two days for humiliation and prayer; but may not the design of them have been forgotten; or were they held without that temper of mind, and disposition of heart, which were indispensably necessary to invoke the aid of the Almighty?—Certain it is, the public mind is not so seriously impressed under the present, as the former calamity of pestilence; for among the many religious societies, whether in the city or country, where are there assemblies for humiliation and prayer? Newspapers are read with avidity. Political disputations are held. Our pulpits are not altogether free from harangues on the subject. But where are the people who sigh, and mourn and pray before the throne of Jehovah for the aversion of our calamity, and who intercede that peace, with its thousand blessings, may be restored to our country, and our civil and religious privileges be continued to us in their glorious perfection? Christians, as such, are not accustomed to look to the professed men of the world for such temper of mind and devotion of heart; but such Christians may well be asked, "What do you more than others?"

The political causes of the present war, were I competent, are not my province to develop. Under such a calamity it would be a felicity, if every citizen, from the highest to the lowest grade, forgot the sentiment of party, and were of one mind, one heart, and one soul, and drank into one amiable and generous spirit for the preservation and happiness of this vast continent. Christians, as such, in the present case, should lose the name of party distinction, and as with one voice, send their petitions on high to the throne of God! Such must be convinced that God hath a controversy with us.—There must be causes of a moral, or rather should have said, causes of an immoral nature, which never fail to produce the just visitation of the Almighty. "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?"

May this address, which flows from a glowing heart for the prosperity of America, have some influence upon the various orders of our citizens. Let ministers of the gospel of peace, and congregations of every denomination, who have so long enjoyed their respective privileges under our valuable constitution, lay the present state of their country near at heart.—If those who loved and prayed for the prosperity and peace of ancient Zion, had themselves a promise of prosperity, we have every encouragement for the same blessing. Our civil and religious privileges are far greater than any other nation upon earth ever enjoyed. They are the gifts of God, and on our misimprovement, he can interrupt us in their enjoyment, or deprive us of them. It has universally been observed, that when a people under calamity are deeply humbled and seek refuge under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty, deliverance has been granted. Our duty therefore is plain; let us perform it with hearts of sincerity. In cities, towns, and villages, let the ministers of God convene their people for prayer, and an answer of peace may soon be returned.

J. S.